**Spencer's "First Principles."**

In Spencer's "First Principles" he endeavors to define the fields of the unknowable and the knowable and the postulates with which the studies of the knowable must be pursued. When Spencer writes that "the man of science truly knows that in its ultimate essence nothing can be known," he is not referring to man's brain yesterday or today. He means that the fundamental principles of the universe, like space, time, matter, force and motion, are by their very nature unknowable. Since all man's knowledge of the cosmos can be traced back ultimately to sense experience, and since sense experience is not always reliable and much of what he calls the ultimate essence is entirely inaccessible to sense experience, it may be philosophically said that man cannot be sure he really knows anything. Both the strength and the weakness of his theory are due to the equivocal import of the term "knowledge."—New York American.

**The Way of the World.**

"When we were poor," remarked the prosperous man reflectively, "we looked forward to the time when we could have a summer home."

"Well?"

"Well, when we got rich enough to have one we didn't like going to the same place every summer because it was monotonous, and we looked forward to the time when we could have another for variety."

"Well?"

"Well, we got another, and then we began to long for a winter place, so that we wouldn't have to be so much in the big house in the city."

"Well?"

"Well, we've got them all now."

"And are you happy?"

"I suppose so—at least, I suppose my wife is. She keeps them all shut up and spends most of her time in Europe, but she knows she has them."—Chicago Post.

**Wrongly Placed.**

It is astonishing sometimes how unconsciously careless we are of the feelings of the person to whom we are talking. A young guardsman told me the other day that a friend of his went with him to consult his lawyer. The solicitor, a shrewd looking and kindly old gentleman, was listening to an irate explanation of how his clerk had failed to do something that had been expected of him. "Yes, you are quite right. It was his fault," said the solicitor.

"But why are these confounded lawyers' clerks so stupid?" asked the angry soldier.

"I do not know, my dear sir," replied the solicitor kindly, "but would you mind alluding to them as 'lawyers' confounded clerks?'"—London M. A. P.

**A Mild Hint.**

Two guests came to spend the evening and didn't know when to depart. The host and hostess were patient with them, very patient, but when 11, 12 and finally 1 o'clock struck the husband realized that something must be done. He was an original chap, and in his droll way he looked over at his wife and said mildly:

"My dear, hadn't we better get up to bed? Our friends may want to be going."

WANT ADS. CENT A WORD.

**Willing to Entertain Her.**

My entrance upon my career as a charity visitor was as a volunteer. I arrayed myself for my first attempt with misgiving in my heart. I was so afraid of my reception. I found my first address on the third floor of a rear tenement, stumbled up the dark stairs and timidly knocked at the door. It was opened instantly by a small boy who peered at me curiously.

"Is—is your mother in?" I inquired.

"No'm," was the prompt reply. "She's gone to see the doctor. But you can come in."

He held the door hospitably open, and I stepped across the threshold and entered. I selected a chair and sat down. The small boy wriggled into a chair opposite.

"I have fits," he announced, with importance.

"Wha-at?" I stammered.

"I have 'em often," he went on eagerly, "fits—real fits. I may have one any time. I might have one right now."

But I was already in the hall.

"You won't stay?" he shouted after me aggrievedly. "She'll be right back."

But a very much upset volunteer visitor was already out of hearing.—New York Herald.

**A Long Dive.**

"A circus came to a little town in Tennessee," said Colonel Robert M. Gates in the Saturday Evening Post, "and one of the attractions was a high diver, a chap who dove from the top of the tent into a shallow tank, which is a feat common enough, but which created a deal of talk in that locality.

"The wiseacres were talking about it at the store. Many of them thought it could not be done without killing the diver, but one old man insisted that it was perfectly feasible.

"'What do you know about diving?' he was asked.

"'Waal,' he replied, 'nothin' in pertickler about that kind of divin', but I used to have a cousin who was the longest diver ye ever see.'

"'Longest diver?' scoffed the other sitters. 'Where'd he dive?'

"'Onct,' replied the old man, 'he bet a thousand dollars he could dive from Liverpool to New York.'

"'Did he do it?'

"'Nop, not that time. Ye see, he kinder miscalculated an' come up in Denver.'"

**The Captain's Regret.**

"Some years ago," said a military man, "there was a certain German private soldier named Andree. This was a short time after Aeronaut Andree's sensational departure for the north pole in his airship. Well, the kaiser, reviewing some troops one day, asked a number of men their names, and Andree was among this number. The kaiser smiled at him good humoredly.

"'So your name is Andree, eh?' the kaiser said. 'Do you know you've got a very famous namesake?'

"'Yes, your majesty,' the soldier answered.

"'And who told you that?' said the kaiser.

"'My captain, your majesty,' said the soldier.

"'Aha, your captain, eh? And what did your captain tell you about Andree?'

"'He said, your majesty, that he only wished Andree had taken me with him?'"

**The Broom at the Masthead.**

There still exists a very old custom among seamen of displaying a broom at the masthead of ships intended to be sold to indicate that they are to be "swept away." The custom originated with the famous Dutch admiral Tromp, who when he appeared off the English coast hoisted a broom to show his intention of sweeping the English fleet from the sea. The English admiral, replying to this impertinent signal, immediately hoisted a horsewhip to the masthead of his ship to show the arrogant Dutchman that he meant to give him a drubbing. For this reason a pennant is oftentimes dubbed "the horsewhip" by seafaring men. Sea lore, of course, is full of symbolism, and the broom is only one of many signs used that have a metaphorical meaning.—London Globe.

**Perversity.**

"One peculiarity of melancholia," said a specialist, "is that the victim of it actually enjoys the despondency and often doesn't want to be cured. I once told a young woman who had this disease that she must be careful of her digestion and eat nothing fried. After that she tried to eat only fried food. Not only did she insist on having her potatoes and meat fried, but didn't want to eat bread unless it had been fried in a lot of grease."—New York Tribune.

**Title Insurance.**

Heiress—Do you examine titles, Mr. Lawyer? Lawyer—I do, ma'am. Heiress—Well, this is my fiasco, Lord Preserveus. I'd like you to examine his title before we get married. I'd hate to get stung.—Judge.

**Repartee.**

"Father," said twelve year old Mabel, looking up from her book. "What is repartee?"

"Back talk," answered father, "but so smart that you wish you'd said it yourself."

**The Roof Garden.**

Hilda—But what is the difference between a roof garden and any other garden? Harry—Well, on a roof garden the daisies bloom at night.—Chicago News.

**An Ocean.**

Teacher—What is an ocean? Johnny—A body of water necessitating battleships.—New York Sun.

**What He Found.**

"He went into the country to find solitude."

"Did he find it?"

"No; quite the opposite. He sat down on an ant hill."

**Cunning.**

Deemster—Whenever I have to borrow money I try to get it from a pessimist. Fieldman—Why? Deemster—A pessimist never expects to get it back.—Life.

**Advertise in the Farmer.**



**Visiting With Johnny.**

"I think the mother of a six-year-old boy should have a pension to make up to her for the mental agony she suffers," said just such a mother. "I took Johnny to his paternal grandfather's last week and believe he has cut us out of grandfather's will. Of course we send him to Sunday school, and we both attend church, but we do not ask a blessing at the table, nor do we have family prayers. Grandfather does, and it happened that the morning after we arrived Johnny was excused from the table and went out in the yard to play. Grandfather led the way into the sitting room, and we all knelt down in prayer. Imagine my horror to see Johnny's little face peering curiously through the blinds and hear him sing out: 'Hey, in there! What kind of a game is that you're playing? Ain't you the rotten bunch not to let me in on it?' I arose and softly whispered to him to run on and play, and he sang out: 'You're it, mamma; you're it! Make a home run.' Now, what can you do with a small boy, anyway? I can never explain matters to his grandfather."—New York Times.

**The Physician.**

Dr. Cathelin of Paris declares that no person who does not possess certain "six moral senses" should attempt to enter the medical profession—viz, the sense of duty, the sense of responsibility, the sense of kindness, the sense of manual skill (which he subdivides into the sense of boldness and the sense of prudence), the sense of beauty and the social role. "The sense of duty toward the patient," so he is quoted by the Boston Globe, "is the very first requisite in a physician. It can only arise from a positive and nate altruism or love of one's fe creatures—a quality similar to th which moves the hospital nurse to the care of the stricken. There can be no personal sensitiveness nor lack of interest in details, as against an absorbing curiosity that complicated cases arouse, and yet, with all this sense of duty, which calls for extreme goodness and sensitiveness of heart, he must not show a trace of emotion when his duty calls him to operate on a McKinley, a Carnot or a Frederick II."

**A Truthful Description.**

In an illustrated description of the game of tennis Simplicissimus says: "Like all good things, lawn tennis is of English origin. Marie Stuart while a prisoner was compelled to beat carpets which were hung over a rail. Not contented with this humiliation, her sister, Queen Elizabeth, once threw a dead mouse at the unfortunate Marie while the latter was beating carpets. The little defunct rodent was caught on Marie's flail and sent back over the rail and was returned to her by means of a flail in the hands of Elizabeth, and thus the game of tennis originated." Further on in the same description it is said, "Two sets are formed, and while these flirt at the edge of the court others stand near the net and make efforts to speak English."

**Travel in 1760.**

In these days of rapid transit a paragraph from a Yorkshire paper of 1760 is interesting. It is an account of a London merchant's journey from London to Dublin and back. Leaving London on Monday evening, the traveler reached Liverpool on Wednesday morning, in time to catch the packet for Dublin, which city he reached on Thursday. During that day he transacted his business in the capital, and next morning sailed for Liverpool, arriving there on Saturday. Monday saw him back in London, and his journey was complete, having taken only eight days! "And," concludes the writer, "there is every reason to believe that it will be possible to beat even this performance in the near future."—London Family Journal.

**A Kitchen Martyr.**

Even the kitchen can boast its martyrs. Chief among these was Vatel, the chief cook of Conde, who ran himself through the heart with a sword because the fish had not arrived in time for a banquet which his master was giving Louis XIV. Vatel's panegyric is to be found in the concluding volume of the "Almanach des Gourmands:" "So noble a death insures you, venerable shade, the most glorious immortality! You have proved that the fanaticism of honor can exist in the kitchen as well as in the camp, and that the spit and the saucepan have also their Catos and their Deciuses."

**Thought Astor Was Crazy.**

People said John Jacob Astor was crazy because he paid $1,000 an acre when he bought the estate of Aaron Burr about a hundred years ago. It was a farm of 120 acres, located about where Twenty-first street is now in Manhattan. In ten years he commenced to sell lots at $3,000 an acre; but, fortunately, he did not sell much at that price. What it is worth today is hard to compute in millions.—Cent Per Cent.

**Safe.**

"The worst thing that can be said about him is that he has no intimate frends."

"Well, if he has no intimate friends there is no one to say bad things about him."—Houston Post.

**The Evil of It.**

Dumbleton—Fritter's chief fault is that his temper occasionally gets the best of him. Flasher—Very true, and that wouldn't be so bad if it didn't reveal the worst of him.

How soon patience with the faults of those we dislike ceases to be a virtue!—Atchison Globe.

**A Strenuous Hint.**

He had been a regular Sunday caller for six months, when one evening he dropped in arrayed in a new suit.

"That's a lovely wedding suit you have on," remarked the dear girl.

"Why!" gasped the astonished young man, "t-this is a b-business suit!"

"Well," rejoined the d. g. calmly, "I mean business."

And the very next day he put up $19.98 of his hard earned wealth for a solitaire.—Chicago News.

**The Reason.**

"Why do so many women rest their chins on their hands when they are trying to think?"

"To hold their mouths shut so that they won't disturb themselves."—Cleveland Leader.

**Happy Parents.**

Distraught Mother—And what with these heducation bills an' all, miss, I sometimes says to myself: "'Appy are the parents what never 'ad any children," I says.—London Bystander.

**A Money Maker.**

Sanso—He is not rich and yet he makes a great deal more money than he spends.

Rodd—How can that be?

Sanso—He works in the mint.

A Persian philosopher says, "The goat climbs the rocky hill, the wise man takes the valley road."